

## A WONDERFUL GAIN.

A Utah Pioneer Tells a Remarkable Story.

J. W. Browning, 1011 22d St., Ogden, Utah, a pioneer who crossed the plains in 1848, says: "Five years ago the doctors said I had diabetes. My kidneys were all out of order, I had to rise often at night, looked hollow, felt dull and listless and had lost 40 pounds. My back ached and I had spells of rheumatism and dizziness. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of these troubles and have kept me well for a year past. Though 75 years old, I am in good health."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Medicine of Bamboo Sap.

In India the sap of the female bamboo tree is used for medicinal purposes. "Tabasheer," or "banslochan," is sold in all Indian bazars, as it has been known from the earliest times as a medicinal agent. It is also known in Borneo, and was an article of commerce with early Arab traders of the east. Its properties are said to be strengthening, tonic and cooling. It has been analyzed and has been shown to consist almost entirely of silica, with traces of lime and potash. From its remarkable occurrence in the hollows of bamboos the eastern mind has long associated it with miraculous powers.

## Shall We Allow Our Cattle to Be Slaughtered?

In an effort to stamp out Bovine Tuberculosis? Thousands of our best Dairy Cows are being killed in the effort and yet the disease spreads. Recently a booklet issued to all readers free by The Mutual Mercantile Co., Cleveland, O., claims that a few cents worth of Rasawa procured at any Drug Store and fed to the cow will render her absolutely immune to the disease, and it is surely a sensible move in the right way if the claim is true. At any rate it is not worth while to get the booklet free from your druggists and read what they say? It is especially so when so many thousands of cases of Consumption in the human family are now easily traced direct to the Dairy as the cause.

## Stolen Naps.

"How do you like that office boy I sent around?" asked the banker. "Don't think much of him," replied the broker. "He isn't wide awake." "But you told me the last office boy you engaged was too forward and you wanted one who was retiring." "Yes, but this one is too retiring. Every time I slip out for a few hours I find that he retires on top of the big safe and snores until I return."

## Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

## Too Swift for Londoners.

According to the British postmaster general the post office experiments in typewriting telegrams have "not been altogether satisfactory." The London Globe conjectures that the telegraph department wants "something slower."

## Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The acme of goodness is to love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interests of the whole world, as far as lies in our power.—Ruskin.

## Don't Use "Practically Pure" White Lead

There is no other pigment that is "practically" White Lead—no other paint that has the properties of Pure White Lead Paint.

Pure White Lead, good paint that it is, cannot carry adulterants without having its efficiency impaired. To get Pure White Lead durability, see to it that every keg bears the Dutch Boy trade mark—a guarantee that the contents are absolutely Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

## SEND FOR BOOK

"A Talk on Paint" gives valuable information on the paint subject. Sent free upon request.

## NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

In whichever of the following cities is nearest you: New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Paul, Louisville, Kansas City, St. Petersburg, (National Lead & Oil Co.)



## The Message from the Dead

By Edward A. Braniff

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

In the long-leaf pine forests of southwest Louisiana and southeast Texas, usually in places remote from settlement, lives a peculiar people locally known as the Red Bones. The name is a hated one and must be used with caution. It is applied to a class in whose veins is the stain of negro blood and who are, in consequence, social outcasts.

A good many years ago a young boy left a Red Bone colony in the Calcasieu parish, Louisiana, and drifted to New Orleans, where he lived for a time the life of the streets. In what dark shops and alleys the first years of this struggle were passed there is no record. He emerged, after a considerable interval, from the cellar of an Italian oyster shop to take the position of night watchman in an office building. Here opportunities and the inclination for an education first met, and he entered a private school. He was quick with his lessons, good-looking and ready to adopt the ways of his betters, among whom he passed as Creole. His connections remained undiscovered, and his people had long since forgotten him.

At the school Ambrose, as he called himself, did very well, and on several occasions received congratulations from his instructors. On graduation he decided to try medicine, and entered Tulane university.

When Ambrose had taken his degree he was not long waiting for practice. He had a striking appearance—a lithe, quick figure, small hands, an eager, wistful countenance, and black eyes.

It happened one night that Ambrose was a guest at the house of a former member of his faculty where a whist party was assembled. The rubber was but half over when a cab dashed up to the door and a negro servant rushed in, saying that his mistress must have a physician immediately. Ambrose said that he would go. He was driven to a remote part of the city to an old-fashioned French mansion with pillars and balconies, and a garden with a broken fountain. There was a light in the window, and as Ambrose came up the steps the door was opened and an old woman in a white cap seized him by the hand and pulled him inside.

"My daughter is very ill. Save her for me!"

He was led upstairs and down a long hall to the sick room.

The room was somewhat meagerly furnished, but exquisitely clean and with those touches which belong to people of refinement. It was all in white, and two candles burned on the table beside a crucifix and flowers. A high bed stood in one corner, and on the bed, beneath a gauze canopy, a young girl was tossing restlessly. "You will save her for me?" "Yes, yes," Ambrose went up and took her wrist. He started. Such hair, such a throat! Slowly the eyes opened—glorious eyes! Ambrose looked, grew weak, lost count of the pulse.

Suddenly Ambrose became aware that her eyes were open.

"What is your name?" "Dr. Ambrose."

"Am I going to die?" "Do not excite yourself. You will not die."

"Please do not let me die, doctor. Please. I will tell you why. Come here and I will tell you. Kneel there beside me. Your head a little nearer. There. Because—because—But you will not tell? Remember you mustn't. Because I have not—felt—love."

She sank back on the pillows, enfeebled, a little exhausted, and put up a finger, smiling. "A promise, remember."

Next morning the girl seemed better, and Ambrose went to town, promising to return that evening. When he came back, the patient had taken a turn for the worse. The poor old woman was frantic. She clung to him and besought him not to leave them. Ambrose consented to take a room in the house and turn over his other patients to an assistant. He had become absorbed in the case, and he put into it all the skill and devotion he possessed.

Every night he sat up with the nurse, himself almost as pale and worn as she. His great dark eyes reflected the delight, the passionate eagerness, the despair induced by every change in her condition. One night, very late, he was sitting with a book near the lamp, trying to read, when he became aware of eyes fixed upon him. He turned. She was beckoning to him. He tiptoed past the sleeping nurse and bent over her. "Doctor, I have been watching you a long time. And now I must tell you something. I am going to die. No, no; do not protest."

She placed her fingers across his lips, let them rest there a moment, then suddenly drew him down to her. "You love me, Ambrose. Is it not so?"

Ambrose groaned. "I am a wretch! I have deceived you, your mother, too. She trusts me and I have wronged you both."

"Then I am to die," she said, joyfully. "That is good. I need no longer be a proper young lady. When one is about to die one has privileges."

Ambrose put his hands to his face. He felt her lips on his forehead. "I will save you! You shall not die, Terese!"

"No, no, I must die." She smiled up at him. "I would be ashamed now

to get well. Now we are lovers, you and I belong to each other. My arms are open for you; why do you not take me? Fie, Ambrose! you are a cold lover."

Ambrose started up with a ghastly look. "You do not know the man I am."

"I know that you are good and kind—and that I love you."

Ambrose stared at her for a moment. Then suddenly he leaned down and whispered a few words.

Terese closed her eyes, shuddered, lay still. Finally her lips began to move. "My hour is come. Send for Father Etienne."

Terese died before morning and was buried two days later in the old St. Louis cemetery.

Ambrose attended the funeral. When he returned to his lodgings, when he wandered once more among his empty, cheerless rooms, he felt for the first time his terrible isolation. In the succeeding days, though he attended conscientiously to his professional duties, he was a changed man. He fell into melancholy ways, and was afraid to be alone with himself.

One day in the street he encountered Terese's mother, Mme. Toulare. When she saw him she took him by both hands and tried to speak, but could not say a word. Terese had been her only child, and she was living alone in the old house now with her servants. While Ambrose was trying to comfort her he had a new idea. He told her he was in need



"You Love Me, Ambrose? Is It Not So?"

of a rest in some quiet place not far from the city, and asked whether she would take him for a short time as a lodger. The poor woman clasped her hands with joy, and said no; he should come as her guest.

So Ambrose took up his quarters in Mme. Toulare's house, returning to the city now and then to look after his important cases, but allowing himself plenty of time to entertain the old woman. In the evenings when they were together she spoke often of the dead girl, got out the books she used to read, pointed out to him her favorite passages, showed him her embroidery, her music, even the dolls she nursed as a child. Mme. Toulare grew very fond of him for his interest, and once said: "If you had met my Terese before she fell sick perhaps you would have loved her, and then I would have had you for a son." And a moment later she added: "She liked you even more than you suppose. Just before she died she tried to write a message—"

"A message!" cried Ambrose. "To whom?"

"To you, I fancy, but I do not know. Wait and I will show it to you."

Returning an instant later she thrust into his hand a paper on which was written in trembling characters:

"You must go back—"

That night Ambrose sat long in his room with the paper in his hand. What did the words mean? Go back where? Presently he rose, turned down his lamp and lighting a candle stole tiptoe down the hall toward Terese's room. He went to the open window and sat in the place from which many a night he had kept watch over the sick girl.

For a long time he sat there, and presently grew drowsy, but was waked just as he had begun to nod by a low voice speaking his name.

"Ambrose!" It said; "Ambrose!"

He sat up suddenly, and looked around him. A great bar of moonlight, glistening like polished steel, lay across the room and entered the canopy bed where the curtains were parted a little at the side. Ambrose peered in and saw in the swimming moonbeams—Terese!

"Ambrose," she breathed, "go back to your people."

Ambrose went back to Calcasieu parish. There he made inquiries concerning the boy who had wandered off so many years before, but no one remembered the incident and he could claim no one as kin. At first his people were suspicious of him, but gradually they accepted him as one of them and he came finally to have great influence among them.

## ALMOST FELT ENVY PANGS.

Great Cricketer's Simple Tribute to His Own Worth.

In 1885 there was a great celebration in London in honor of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and among those in attendance was the Australian "crack" cricketer, Bonner, then at the height of his fame.

As one of the guests, says the compiler of the recently published "Letters" of the late Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, Bonner's health was proposed. His response was noteworthy.

"After seeing the way in which Dr. Johnson's memory is revered," he said, with great simplicity, "I am not sure that I would not rather have been such a man than have gained my own greatest triumphs in cricket."—Youth's Companion.

## SORES AS BIG AS PENNIES.

Whole Head and Neck Covered—Hair All Came Out—Cured in Three Weeks by Cuticura.

"After having the measles my whole head and neck were covered with scaly sores about as large as a penny. They were just as thick as they could be. My hair all came out. I let the trouble run along, taking the doctor's blood remedies and rubbing on salve, but it did not seem to get any better. It stayed that way for about six months; then I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about a week I noticed a big difference, and in three weeks it was well entirely and I have not had the trouble any more, and as this was seven years ago, I consider myself cured. Mrs. Henry Porter, Albion, Neb., Aug. 25, 1906."

## A Sad Mistake.

In my father's native village lives Mr. S., a very deaf old man. During the summer months he lets his spare rooms to some of the many pleasure-seekers who frequent the place, says a Boston Herald writer, and one day last summer, while Mr. S. was in his garden, a young man of the village chanced by, and the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, Mr. S." "Maw'nin'."

"You've got your house full of boarders this summer."

Mr. S. was picking potato bugs off from his plants, but he managed to stop long enough to answer, "Yes."

"Some nice looking young ladies among them," continued the young man.

Mr. S. stood up and eyed the potatoes critically, then answered:

"Well, they'd ought to look purty good. I just picked two quarts of bugs off 'em."

## Bill Nye's Long Wait.

Bill Nye when a young man once made an engagement with a lady friend of his to take her driving on a Sunday afternoon. The appointed day came, but at the livery stable all the horses were taken out save one old, shaky, exceedingly bony horse.

Mr. Nye hired the nag and drove to his friend's residence. The lady let him wait nearly an hour before she was ready, and then on viewing the disreputable outfit flatly refused to accompany Mr. Nye.

"Why," she exclaimed, sneeringly, "that horse may die of age any moment."

"Madame," Mr. Nye replied, "when I arrived that horse was a prancing young steed."—Harper's Weekly.

## Hard to Realize.

"Mother," said a college student who had brought his chum home for the holidays, "permit me to present my friend, Mr. Specknoodle."

His mother, who was a little hard of hearing, placed her hand to her ear. "I'm sorry, George, but I didn't quite catch your friend's name. You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm afraid."

"I say, mother," shouted George, "I want to present Mr. Specknoodle."

"I'm sorry, George, but Mr. — What was the name again?" "Mr. Specknoodle!" George fairly yelled.

The old lady shook her head sadly. "I'm sorry, George, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds just like Specknoodle to me."—Everybody's Magazine.

## CHILDREN SHOWED IT

Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning.

"A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness."

"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal time but Postum Food Coffee, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children.'"

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was the most healthful drink in the world for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact."

"My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes and it tasted so flat that I was in despair but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich delicious flavor. In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better and better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy, and do my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would not return to the nerve-debilitating regular coffee for any money."

"There's a Reason." Read the famous little "Health Classic," "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

## SPECIAL TRAINS.

National Editorial Association and Christian Endeavor Conventions.

Personally conducted special trains via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line leave early in July for the Pacific Coast. Special all-expense tours at very low rates for round trip, including sleeping car accommodations, meals, etc. All the advantages of a delightful and carefully arranged tour in congenial company. Write for itineraries and full particulars. S. A. Hutchison, Manager Tourist Department, 212 Clark Street, Chicago.

## English Imports of Grain.

It would take 10,500,000 acres to produce the amount of grain which England yearly imports from abroad.

## Improved Farms Within 50

Miles of St. Paul. Cheap and desirable for homes, 50% profit for investment. Write us. Evans Real Estate Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Australia, although in area 26 times as large as the whole of the British Indies, has a population smaller than that of London.

## Don't Sneeze Your Head Off.

Krause's Cold Capsules will cure you almost instantly. At all Druggists, 25c.

Invention is the mother of trusts and promotion is the stepfather.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

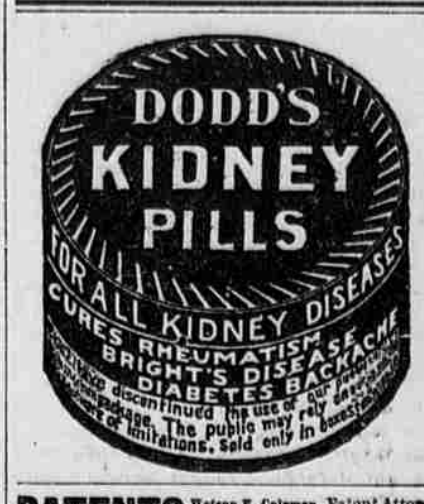
Build your hopes high—then stand from under.

## Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. S. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## An Ill Wind, Etc.

"Her marriage was very unfortunate, wasn't it?" "Oh, no; she considers it quite fortunate." "Why, I understand she was divorced." "Exactly, and her divorce was the opening of her stage career, which is now very promising."



PATENTS. Watson, E. Coleman, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Advice free. Terms low. Highest ref.

A. N. K.—C (1907—23) 2181.

## MOTHERHOOD

The first requisite of a good mother is good health, and the experience of maternity should not be approached without careful physical preparation, as a woman who is in good physical condition transmits to her children the blessings of a good constitution.

Preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from native roots and herbs, more successfully than by any other medicine because it gives tone and strength to the entire feminine organism, curing displacements, ulceration and inflammation, and the result is less suffering and more children healthy at birth. For more than thirty years

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

has been the standby of American mothers in preparing for childbirth. Note what Mrs. James Chester, of 437 W. 35th St., New York says in this letter:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I wish every expectant mother knew about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A neighbor who had learned of its great value at this trying period of a woman's life urged me to try it and I did so, and I cannot say enough in regard to the good it did me. I recovered quickly and am in the best of health now."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly a successful remedy for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

It has cured almost every form of Female Complaints, Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation, Ulcerations and Organic Diseases of Women and is invaluable in preparing for Childbirth and during the Change of Life.

## Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free.

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**Libby's Veal Loaf With Beef and Pork**

Do you like Veal Loaf? You will surely be delighted with Libby's kind, made from choice fresh meats, in Libby's spotless kitchens. It is pure, wholesome and delicious in flavor.

Ready for Serving At Once.—Simply garnished with sauce it is an appetizing entrée for luncheon or dinner.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nervousness, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.**

**HICKS' CAPUDINE CURES ALL ACHES**

And Nervousness

Trial bottle 10c. At drug stores

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**60 ACRES FARM IN WESTERN CANADA FREE**

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**PAXTINE**

cleanses and heals mucous membrane affections, such as nasal catarrh, catarrh and inflammation caused by feminine ill; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth, by direct local treatment. Its disinfectant power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE M. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

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